

# The Inquirer

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1913.

[ONE PENNY.]

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## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the *Publisher* not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

## SUNDAY, September 7.

## LONDON.

Acton, Creffield Road, 11.15, and 7, Rev. W. J. PIGGOTT.  
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. H. N. CALEY.  
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.  
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS.  
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.  
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. MORITZ WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.  
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. HARRIS CROOK, B.A.  
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.  
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. F. G. BARRETT AYRES; 6.30, Mr. C. A. PIPER.  
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER.  
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.  
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11, Mr. F. COLEBROOK; 6.30, Mr. A. SAVAGE COOPER.  
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.  
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.  
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., no morning service; 7.0, Mr. W. R. HOLLOWAY.  
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.  
 Leytonstone, 632, High-road, 6.30, Mr. A. STEPHEN NOEL.  
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.  
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.  
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.  
 Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. W. G. FOAT, Litt.D., M.A.  
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.  
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. R. W. SORENSSEN; 6.30, Mr. A. J. HEALE.  
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., no service. Service will be resumed on September 21.  
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11, Mr. C. BARRETT AYRES; 7, Mr. S. MOSSOP.  
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 7, Mr. W. LEE, B.A.  
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.  
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 3 and 6.30, Rev. T. F. M. BROCKWAY.

ABERSTWYTH, New-street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.  
 AMBLESIDE, The Knoll Chapel, Rydal-road, 11, Rev. STANLEY A. MELLOR, Ph.D.  
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.  
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BODELL SMITH.  
 BOLTON, Halliwall-road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.  
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS (Free Christian), Church-gate-street, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. WARD.  
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.  
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.  
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Dr. G. F. BECKH.  
 {DEAN ROW, 10.45 and  
 {STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A.  
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.  
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.  
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.  
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. HEMING VAUGHAN.  
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR LOCKETT.  
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. VICTOR MOODY.  
 HULL, Park-street Church (Unitarian), 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.  
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. A. FARQUHARSON.  
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11, Rev. G. MAURICE ELLIOTT; 6.30, Rev. J. H. M. NOLAN, M.A., B.Litt.  
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.  
 LISCARD-WALLASBY, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.  
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.  
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. E. WILKES SMITH.  
 MANCHESTER, Cross-street Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.  
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. TIMMIS.  
 MANCHESTER, Upper Brook-street, Free Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. SEALY, M.A.  
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALFRED HALL, M.A.  
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.  
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.  
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. JACKS.  
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street. Closed till September 14. Service at Albert Hall during renovation.  
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30.  
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.  
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.  
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.  
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.  
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDRAE.  
 TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpellier-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR.  
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, 11 and 6.30, Mr. PERCIVAL CHALK.  
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30.

## CAPETOWN.

Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

## ADELAIDE, S. AUSTRALIA.

Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield-street, 11 and 7, Rev. WILFRED HARRIS, M.A.

## MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Free Religious Fellowship, Collins-street, 11 and 7, Rev. F. SINCLAIR, M.A.

## VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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## BIRTH.

RYLAND. — On August 30, at Trevone, St. Mary's-road, Leamington, to Alfred and Sigrid Ryland, a daughter.

## MARRIAGE.

HARVEY — PIGGOTT. — On September 2, in Southall Congregational Church, by Rev. Henry Le Pla, Alice Marguerite Harvey, of Southall, to William J. Piggott, minister of Trafalgar-street Unitarian Church, Burnley.

## DEATH.

FOX. — On August 29, at his residence, 32, Avenue-hill, Leeds, the Rev. John Fox, in his 80th year, minister at Heywood, Lancs., 1864-78; Newark, Notts., 1878-85; Hunslet, Leeds, 1886-1906. Cremated at Lawns Wood Cemetery, Leeds, September 2.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.



# THE INQUIRER.

*A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.*

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### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Palace of Peace at the Hague was opened last week in the presence of the representatives of the States affiliated to the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The ceremony was simple and dignified, and the speaking suitable to the occasion, though it did not reach the level of the fine oration by M. Henri La Fontaine, which we printed last week. The next day a marble bust of King Edward VII. by Mr. Bruce Joy was unveiled and formally presented. It is the gift of the London Peace Society. Subsequently Mr. Carnegie unveiled a bronze bust of Sir W. Randal Cremer, the founder of the International Arbitration League. Unfortunately, the opening ceremonies have failed to arouse public interest and to quicken the sense of international goodwill to the extent which the promoters desired and expected. The bitter memories of the Balkan war and the depressing tone which prevails at present in the French Press in regard to difficulties with Germany have chastened the mood of hopefulness, and filled the most ardent friends of peace with a grim sense of the terrible difficulties which still block the path of progress.

\* \* \*

IN connection with the meeting of the Trade Unions Congress in Manchester the Bishop of Lincoln preached a special sermon in the cathedral last Sunday. The proper organisation of labour, he pleaded, was the common concern of the whole country. They had at last learned (so slowly did the principles of Christ penetrate and permeate the social conscience) that if the manual workers were ill at ease, if their comforts were denied

them, if their health was threatened, if the conditions of their homes or of their occupation were unworthy, then an injury was being done, not to them only, not to their class alone, but very truly to the whole community of which they formed so vital a part. From this point of view he pointed out the claims especially of women workers and the agricultural labourers for better organisation, and urged experienced trade unionists to help them with encouragement and personal guidance.

\* \* \*

PASSING away from these more domestic topics the sermon closed on a note of noble confidence in labour's international task :—

“Not less important is the work to hand for British trade unionism in the field of labour organisation in other lands. The greater the sense of solidarity between labour abroad and labour in Britain, the better for the world at large. . . . I hope and pray that your principles of trade union, brotherhood, and organisation may be so soundly applied and so widely extended that labour, organised labour, may not only be felt by our whole nation to be an integral and vital element in our common life, but also that organised labour may reach out its hands over sea from country to country until principles of liberty, brotherhood, and, above all, of international peace shall be recognised as essential to the welfare of all humanity.”

\* \* \*

THE members of the Trades Union Congress, in common with the great mass of their fellow-citizens, have been deeply stirred and alarmed by the terrible conflicts between the Dublin strikers and the constabulary. In view of the personal injuries inflicted and the accusations which have been made against the police there is bound to be a public inquiry into the whole matter, and it will be wise at the

moment to refrain from judgment upon the tangled mass of fact and rumour and angry recrimination. From the point of view of the healthy growth of Trade Unionism in Ireland the situation is most deplorable. Once again there has been a total lack of wise leadership. The hot-heads of the movement have got the upper hand. Wild words have taken the place of disciplined strength. The hooligan element has joined forces with the genuine strikers. The antagonism to the police which always lurks in the backwaters of Irish cities has burst into flame, and the result has been scenes of riot and violent suppression in which the plea of underpaid labour for deliverance has almost ceased to be considered as the dominating issue. We do not say this in extenuation or excuse of what has taken place, but in order to emphasise the need of extricating the Trade Union movement in Ireland from these disastrous entanglements. It is almost entirely a question of leadership.

\* \* \*

LORD HALDANE's address to the American Bar Association was an able plea for the recognition of common moral habits as the basis of international friendship. Starting from the analogy between the growth and authority of the common law and the uncoded system of habitual conduct, he emphasised the large part which is played in human life by customary behaviour, or “Sittlichkeit.” It embraces all those obligations of the citizen which it is “bad form” or “not the thing” to disregard. “The guide to which the citizen mostly looks is just the standard recognised by the community—a community made up mainly of those fellow-citizens whose good opinion he respects and desires to have. He has everywhere round him an object-lesson in the conduct of decent people towards each other and towards the community to which they belong. Without such conduct



and the restraints which it imposes there could be no tolerable social life, and real freedom from interference would not be enjoyed."

\* \* \*

LORD HALDANE proceeded to apply this conception of the general will of society to the subject of international peace. "Can nations form a group or community among themselves," he asked, "within which a habit of looking to common ideals may grow up sufficiently strong to develop a general will, and to make the binding power of these ideals a reliable sanction for their obligations to each other?" He answered the question in the affirmative, and looked forward to the time when we should develop a full international "Sittlichkeit," though he regarded such a development as easier and more hopeful in the case of nations with some special relationship, like a common language and ancestry, than in that of a mere aggregate of nations. He appealed accordingly for the general recognition by society of the binding character of international duties and rights as they arise within the Anglo-Saxon group.

\* \* \*

It will be seen that the leading ideas of Lord Haldane's address are of wide application. They involve, as he himself is careful to point out, the inadequacy of the notion that the individual is the highest form of reality. "Men cannot mark off or define their own individualities without reference to the individualities of others. . . . They are real only because they are social." Here we may observe that "Sittlichkeit" has as large a part to play in religion as in civic life, in Christian discipleship as in international relations. Pure individualism, whether on the side of moral judgment or rational thought, nowhere shows its limitations more clearly than in religion. There corporate experience is a primary need, and common habits of reverence and loyalty carry men far beyond anything which they could achieve by isolated effort. The communal life of love and worship and right conduct which guides the ordinary Christian in his daily life and behaviour, is thus the condition of the soul's noblest liberty. We find ourselves not by going out from it in lonely revolt, but by living more intensely within the circle of its duties and affections.

\* \* \*

LAST Sunday morning Dr. Figgis concluded his short holiday course of sermons at All Saints', Margaret-street. If we may judge by the vigour of the preacher and the size of his congregation the experiment has been a distinct success. It will perhaps suggest to other churches that even August Sundays have their special opportunities, for London is a city of many visitors, and after all it is a very small percentage of its citizens who leave

home for any length of time. Last Sunday Dr. Figgis was in his usual mood of confident optimism about the future of Catholic Christianity. It was, he affirmed, in accordance with the most living tendencies of the day. The *a priori* assumptions of science were gone; the philosophical orthodoxy of the Hegelian school was gone, and rationalistic individualism had also gone. The conclusion which his hearers were evidently meant to draw was that Catholic Christianity remained as the one and only interpretation of the facts of human experience which it was possible for reasonable men to hold.

\* \* \*

THIS line of argument was made to appear all the more cogent by the remarkable concessions which Dr. Figgis made to the results of modern thinking and methods of inquiry. Verbal inspiration was treated as a thing of the past which sensible people can no longer accept. The New Testament he said, is not accurate in all its parts, and it is quite possible that the fourth Gospel may not have been written by the Apostle John. Men of science were invoked as witnesses to the spiritual interpretation of life, and Bergson was hailed as a sort of unconscious prophet of Catholicism. And yet Dr. Figgis regards Modernism as anathema and is the chosen apostle of the strait and uncompromising ways of orthodoxy!

\* \* \*

THIS attempt to press Bergson into the service of Christian apologetics is a rather dangerous game, and we are not surprised that Rome has spoken in terms of grave warning. Cardinal Merry del Val has written in the following terms to Monsignor Forges:—"As for the false theories of this new philosophy, which may shatter the great principles and achieved truths of the traditional philosophy, I must raise the voice of authority to unveil and reject its errors and to make war on this poison of philosophic Modernism, which is all the more lamentable and dangerous because it is so delicate and seductive." In the same letter the Pope sends his congratulations to Monsignor Forges for having "exposed the errors of Bergsonism." We may perhaps point out that there is something more than obscurantism in this pronouncement. Catholic theology rests upon certain rational principles which have little in common with the modern revolt against the intellect, just as Catholic piety is always conscious of the righteous will of God, which man did not make and cannot mar, behind all the shifting scenery of life. We may have no sympathy with Vaticanism and its methods and yet be conscious that it is following a right instinct in warning men of the danger of trying to defend Christian Theism with these untested weapons.

## THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PULPIT

### RENEWING OUR YOUTH.

BY THE REV. E. W. LEWIS, M.A., B.D.

"So that their youth is renewed like the eagle's."—PSALM ciii. 5.

THERE is something in Nature which looks like renewing one's youth. The snake sloughs its old skin and gets a new one; the birds moult their old feathers and array themselves in new plumage. Such renewal is superficial only, for the vital organs are ageing year by year. There are other cases in which the renewal is more profound. There is no break of life between the young caterpillar and the young butterfly; here is a real renewal of youth, but the second youth is at a higher level in the creational scale than the first.

This change of level is important in respect of what I have to say to you here. There is a familiar verse in the Book of Isaiah,

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength";

and the word "renew" there suggests progressive change; the old strength is renewed, but expressed at a higher point. A not less familiar verse in the Second Letter to the Corinthians,

"Though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day,"

repeats the same suggestion, for the Greek word for renewal contains the preposition *ana*, which means "up," and implies a movement of ascent. To renew one's youth does not mean to go back to one's early days, to put back the dial of time several degrees; but it means to re-possess the powers and passions of youth-time, and re-express them in terms of life at a higher level. Youth is the golden hour. Listen to Gray singing it:

Gay hope is theirs by fancy led,  
Less pleasing when possess;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast;  
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigour born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light  
That ply th' approach of morn.

Or catch a full breath of its spirit in Milton's "L'Allegro":—

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides;  
Come, and trip it as ye go  
On the light fantastic toe;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free.

It is the time of gaiety, of joy in life, of high venture, of "self-confident morning," of robust self-reliance. It is the time of



dreams that seem very real. It is the time when all things seem possible. Personality is fluid and may settle down into a rare combination of beauty and power. The outer world is, as yet, at arm's length; you look upon it as upon a mountain in the distance, full of eagerness to climb it, and thinking it easy to climb, since the distance conceals the rough places, the crags and crevasses, and the tortuous way. It is a time full of nascent energy, zest, keenness. You are a young creator confronted with your materials. Life is a play; a great game.

Some may say that all this is mere animal spirits. If it were so, I would still praise it, for God has not endowed us with many gifts more precious than our animal spirits; your chances of being a fine man are remote if you are not a fine, healthy animal to begin with. But don't let the word mislead us. Youth is the time of splendid vision; of a simple uncompromising idealism; few people are ever again so really religious, so pure in spirit, so wholehearted in devotion, so sure of God, as in their youth-time. The youth dwells in the garden of Eden which is the ideal felt as real; it is the unseen Beauty, the invisible goodness, made palpable, and become the effective circumstance. Heaven is about him. God is near. All things are to enjoy. Youth has measureless trust, unbounded hope, a thirst unquenchable for a rich full life, and a kind of wild passionate love which idealises everything. It sees God in the bush; a queen in any woman, a hero in any man. It has onset, challenge, defiance. It is the will-to-power incarnate. And interfusing all a superb gaiety. It can forge the sword. It can make all things new. It laughs at fear. It is at home in its world. To live, to express myself, to drink deep of experience—that is the spirit of youth. And then comes the fateful day when someone puts a restraining hand upon our shoulder, and says very kindly, "You must not do such things now; remember you are not any longer a child, you have become a man." And we stand at the gate of our garden of Eden, and hear it click behind us, and the world has us in its grip.

Shall we ever recapture that first fine careless rapture? Shall we ever sing that song again? Yes, I know well the other side of youth-time. I know its perils. I know how its exuberance threatens rankness. I know that the type of youthful freedom threatens licence; the lack of central purpose, dissipation, and instability easily becomes fickleness. I know that the independence which youth claims tends towards looseness, which is the reverse of liberty; and that the very vigour of action tends to a reaction in exhaustion. I admit that the strength of youth may be over-rated as to its effectiveness because it is not focussed. I know the peril of scorning external authority until the inward throne has been made secure. And there are other quite valid criticisms which you know just as well as I do. But allowing for all this, it still remains that the spirit of youth is divine; and I believe that it is the only true and healthful spirit of life.

The question is: Can it be renewed in us? Can we find it again? Can we re-

capture it? Can we bring it up to the higher level and re-express ourselves in it? To which questions I answer that it is not only possible, but it should be the devout and holy expectation of us all. Upon the wildness, recklessness, vigorous self-expression of youth, there follows a period of discipline and restraint. This is part of the divine scheme of things. This is what the world is for. This is what social organisation is for, with its traditions, and conventions, and rules, and order. The tree must be pruned; the river-bed must be deepened; the centre must be hardened and built up and established under the pressure of resistance. I will not spend time in talking to you about the value of discipline; I am preaching to the converted on that point. You know that tradition was a very serviceable nurse until you had found your own mind; just as apron-strings were useful until you found your feet. The creeds served until you had orientated yourself towards the Unseen and got your own living faith to walk by. The props served—the rules, the conventions, the prohibitions, the fences—the example of another—until self-balanced and self-possessed you stood erect in your own manhood. The school-mastership of the law served until you found within the liberty of the spirit. You know this; if it is not actually your experience as yet, it is one of your great hopes. And it is this point which I want to emphasise to-night, for even among this company some may be missing it, as I feel sure the immense majority of Christian folk are missing it. The whole purpose of this discipline and restraint, whether imposed upon you from without or voluntarily imposed by yourself, is to the end that you may renew your youth; that is to say, it looks towards the more effective expression of the spirit that animated your youth-time, it looks towards the gathering of it up on to a centre, and giving it forth anew from the higher platform to which life has brought you. It seems strange to have to say it, but I think it needs to be said, that discipline and restraint are not ends in themselves; they are means to an end, and that end is youth-renewal; more life and fuller; life, more effective, bolder, more daring, venturesome; our youth-life purged of its weaknesses, uplifted above its perils, but retaining its essential spirit. I greatly believe in natural instincts. I greatly believe in the natural man. I believe that the things we seek for when we are young remain always the real, vital, worthy things. I believe that the direction which our youth-life takes naturally, before society gets hold of it and straitlances it, and presses it into trim and well-trod and authorised pathways, before the Church gets hold of it and sets it thinking and worrying about sin and salvation and getting to heaven; I believe that the direction our youth-life takes, the direction which seems to be given to it naturally by the life-impulse that brought it into being, is the right direction to the end of life.

There is no virtue in discipline and in restraint in themselves. If a man comes to me and says, "See what a disciplined, restrained, orderly, regular, self-possessed person I am"—I am not impressed. He may be as dull as ditchwater, unilluminated,

ineffective, passionless; all it may mean may be that he does not swear, or tell lies, or stand in danger of the policeman. I want to know further about the style and quality of this life redeemed by discipline and delivered from the follies of youth. Is it bold, is it gay, is it rich in enterprise? It is free, but it has still to render answer to Nietzsche's challenge, "Frei wozu?"—"free, what for?" What are you doing with your freedom? Has your freedom made you a bigger, healthier, more joyous, more venturesome, more heroic man? Has it given you your youth again? Is there a deeper pulse, a holier passion, a finer zest, in your life?

A man may say to me, "I am master of myself." That is good up to a point; but what sort of a self is this, now, over which you have mastery? What sort of a life is it you are controlling? What sort of a creature is it that you have harnessed, and hold the reins on? Are its wings clipped? Has all the spirit been knocked out of it? Is it a docile ass, or a safe hack, or is it a rampant steed?

Not a few of you have passed your first youth; you run a terrible risk of life—failure, unless you find your second youth. And many don't. Discipline is not meant to quench your youth-spirit, but to give it you back centralised. It is not meant to re-direct your life, but to deepen the main stream. The things you seek in youth are the real things, as I have said; for in youth-time we seek to have life, to enjoy life. We seek to live fully and richly; to live with strength and passion; to express ourselves with strength; to gain new experience. We seek to triumph, to climb, to venture; we seek to devote ourselves, we seek frankly to be happy. The only value of discipline and restraint is that it makes it possible for us to seek and do these things more effectively, more successfully, with firmer purpose, with nobler enterprise, with added strength.

Alas! that so many forget their youth, or come to look upon it as a passing foolishness. Alas! that organised life turns us from our beautiful youth-quests. The organised social order gets hold of us as we stand on the threshold of manhood, and says in effect, "You must not seek life, that is selfish; you must seek to preserve the social order; and to this end you must obey the commandments, and observe the conventions, and accept the traditions, and reverence public opinion, and vote with the party. This may mean some sacrifice of spontaneity and originality—but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are upholding the order. Besides, if you do otherwise, there are penalties and punishments."

And the organised Church gets hold of us, and says in effect:—"You have been very happy, but that is paganism; you have felt strong and healthy, but in reality you are weak and diseased; you are a wayward sinner, and sin is very sinful; you need to be saved, and someone outside yourself must save you, and on conditions; liberty is a very dangerous thing, it will land you into all kinds of mistakes and transgressions; and to seek life in this evil world is most perilous, you must seek to prepare yourself for a life that is to come; you must try and rectify your mistakes, and guard against



the manifold temptations of the world; you must go very carefully, lest you stumble and fall by the way; you must take the stains from your soul one by one, and often examine yourself; you must mortify your body, and quench your eager desires; and then by the great mercy of God you may be able with much patience and striving to save your soul alive, and enter heaven; but more than this you must not expect, and need not hope for in this life. It requires great vigilance, for narrow is the gate and straight is the way, and few there be that find it."

And so organised society takes the youth, and tends to make him an item in a machine; and organised religion takes him, and tends to make him a pettifogging scrutineer of the condition of his soul, a renouncer of this life, a self-conscious victim of sin, a scrupulous guarder against mistakes, scratching and scrabbling in ash-heaps for salvation. And the zest and fire and passion, and breadth and bravery of youth; its spirit, its joy, its rapture, its love of life, its eagerness for experience, its boldness in self-expression, its uprightness, its forth-rightness, its beauty, its directness, its simplicity, its pure motive, its acquisitiveness, its natural health, its open-air-ness, its *elan*—all these lovely, vital, divine things either go, or are smothered and suppressed. I am sure that God doesn't mean this to happen. I am sure that religion ought not to mean this. I do not know whether this is the way to heaven, but it is not the way to life; and that is the way I want to walk in.

"What is your greatest hour?" so begins Nietzsche's Zarathustra in his opening address to the people. And he replies: "It is the hour of your great contempt," the hour, so he goes on to explain, when you despise all the conventional values and trivial maxims of a morality and a religion that have become for you merely traditional, conventional, respectable, but infinitely petty.

"Contempt" is a characteristic Nietzschean word, but do not let it frighten you from facing up to the truth which he is expressing in this passage. When you look at your life and see how it is swathed about with creeds and theologies and forms and ceremonies; with rules and regulations and proprieties and prohibitions; with fashion and custom and prejudice and the opinions of others; and when you see how these things entangle your feet and make you go haltingly, create fears and hesitations for you, hedge you about with prudences and calculations; hamper and jacket the strength that is in you; fill your life with scruple and caution; thwart your self-expression; stifle your spontaneity, make your life stuffy and stodgy and over-anxious and over-serious; make your life a burden; hang about you like a body of death; you need not despise them, for they have served a purpose in you, and you are stronger for having submitted temporarily to them; but if you have any soul, any illumination, any high standard of life-value, any spark of elemental manhood and womanhood left, you must see that these things are not meant to attach permanently to you; that whatever be society's interest in you,

or the Church's interest in you, your own life-interest demands that you should cast this accumulated sheath of external supports and restraints from you, and be your own naked, primal, original Self. Are you still a man, and do you think that it is intended that a creed should always supply you with your faith, a moral code with your conscience, a theology with your knowledge of God, tradition with a life-authority, and an ecclesiastical organisation with the way of salvation? What does a full-grown man want dragging about with him the habit and machinery of tutelage? He may not despise it, since it has served; but when it has served, how can he submit to its leading-strings without despising himself? If you will always be like a cripple and go with crutches, I suppose you must. If you will always imagine yourself weak and cling to the props, buttresses, supports with which society and the Church provides you, I suppose you must, but you are bound to weaken all the time. If you will still imagine yourself diseased, and stay in hospital, and have a nurse to take your temperature and give you medicine, you will probably end by imagining yourself into a real disease, and you will die in the ward with such consolations as the officials can give you. But the men whom the world wants, the men for whom God is loudly calling, are those who will unstrip these swathing things, fling crutches away, abandon the props, transcend the artificial restraints; the men who know that the discipline and limitations, to which they have now submitted long enough, have added to their strength, health, ability, inward mastery, and now it is time to stand free, resume the early venture, set out on the early quest, recapture the early joy and zest in life, be frankly themselves, express themselves as frankly, devote themselves as wholeheartedly to what their purged, centred, clarified soul knows to be good. These are they who renew their youth; they find again the spirit of the morning which flushed their soul with light and the pure streams of enthusiasm, and out they go to do battle and to have praise; and it is they who, though apparently the enemies of organisation, regenerate society, redeem the Church, recreate the world.

In his latest book, Mr. Fielding Hall writes:—

"Don't believe that the World Soul wants purity and innocence. They are negative qualities and make for death, not life. The World Soul wants passion and emotion, love to good things, hate to evil things, courage and honesty and control and all sorts of gifts of every kind. For the World Soul has to subdue all nature, and it can only do that with wisdom. It wants the souls of engineers, builders, architects, farmers, every kind of knowledge, of men and women. It wants the souls of doers and seers. It doesn't mind your having made mistakes; every one does that, and very likely you couldn't help them. What the World Soul won't stand are souls that have refused to live, that have rejected the wine of life offered to them."

That is true in spirit, whatever criticism you may make of details. The purity which you seek for through discipline has

value only as it adds to the eagerness, zest, and freedom of your life. Control derives its value from the strength and straightness it gives to your life; you learn control not simply that you may be controlled, but that you may pursue your purpose with greater steadiness, and with the fuller force of a concentrated power. There is no advantage in virtue, if it diminishes your passion. Your faith in God will not profit you here or hereafter, save to the extent that it sets you free from carking care, and harassing doubt, that you may fling yourself the more heartily into life, full of the spirit of triumph. Theologians may spin webs, and build imposing systems round about the words Salvation and Holiness, but never let them screen from you the fundamental truth that these things mean wholeness and health. To renew your youth; having got hold of your life, to live it out with strength, to live it fully out—body, mind and soul—with strength; that is what is demanded of us. To express what we feel. To act what we know. To become what we are. Mistakes do not matter nearly so much as we think. Correctness is a mean thing. The great sin is not to live with passion and power. The great untruth is to be unreal. The great treachery is to refuse to give your full-grown self its chance in the world for God. You must not stop growing before you die, and then death will be like the quickening beam of the spring sun. And when the things which protected and shielded you while you grew, and compacted your growth, become like prison walls, spread your shoulders, straighten your back, expand your soul, disentangle yourself, and renew your youth.

To quite young people I have not spoken, save as the fortune-teller who speaks of the future. You will already be feeling the restraints and discipline which seem to repress you; don't gird against them, suffer them, be patient for a while, don't try to escape, and don't hurry; let patience have her perfect work. I know how the road narrows, but I know what scope, what breadth, what freedom and largeness of life is at the end of it. You are coming on to that; but you want to be ready when you arrive. Such noble spirits you are going to be! Such challengers! Such defiers of thrones! Such lovers of the Perfect Passion! Such happy warriors! Such deliverers of men, gay as an army with barriers! Such valiant helpers of God! Such full-toned praisers of Him! As yet you are unmade; the pressures you begin to feel will help to make you; and when you are made—ah, the future I shall never see! The new race! The arriving kingdom!

But to the others I have spoken, and I do not think you ever listened to a more serious call. You have been under the discipline of years of experience. Aren't you nearly ready? Isn't it time you were renewing your youth? Isn't it time you sloughed the skin? Isn't it time you stripped, and came forth "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race"? Have you come to the age of—what shall I say?—thirty years, and isn't it time that you entered into the full possession of the things which discipline and restraint



and world-pressure have given you? Aren't you ready for the glorious liberty of the men of God? Can't you give your lance, now, to the advance party? Can't you get free to join the expedition which is commissioned to explore across the frontiers? Isn't it time you gave the world your Self? What have you learned in the prison? What have you seen in the cell? What dream have you had in sleep? What have you grown to? Are you a full man yet? Are your ankle-bones firm? Have you found your poise and balance in the Universe? Aren't you sure of yourself by this time? Let us see that Self. You have been long time in training; come, you athlete, let us look upon you, and see you at work.

It is high time that amid all these puppets and shams, and machine-made figures that pass for men, the world got a man fresh from the creative hand of God. Art thou he that should come?

## LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

### THE IDEALIST.

NEXT door to the lodge at the entrance to the park, and itself serving originally as the keeper's house, is a diminutive cottage, the front room of which is used as a shop, the window being somewhat enlarged to expose the goods to view. The frames of the old-fashioned window panes and all the other visible woodwork of door and sashes is painted green, and always has been. So it is known as "The Green Cabin." From forty to fifty years ago, and for many years thereafter, this was the home of Mrs. Burrows-Hale. She traded in small cakes and candy, and three or four varieties of sweets, including peppermint drops, bull's eyes, and sticks of the local rock with mysterious words fossilised in the heart of it. On the counter stood a tall glass jar of hundreds and thousands of all colours, which were generally sold by the farthing's worth. Aniseed lozenges were kept for the benefit of those who were troubled with coughs. There were three-minute sand glasses to time the boiling of the new-laid egg, and glasses of various quaint shapes filled with strata of coloured sands at sixpence. There were mugs and cheap porcelain dogs and vases, with splodges of gold and crude colour about them, for visitors to carry away as mementoes of the happy days they had spent in the neighbourhood. But occupying the place of honour, both in the shop window and in the estimation of its tenant, were the pincushions of blue and red velvet, and the knick-nack boxes of various shapes and sizes, bedecked with fragments of seaweed dried and pressed, and with rows of small shells collected on the beach. A few herbal simples for the relief of headache and indigestion might be obtained within at a trifling cost; while against the left-hand corner window-pane was a neatly printed card with the words "Corns removed."

Mrs. Burrows had already endured with patience some years of married life, but

scarcely of happiness, when her husband died, leaving her without children and with nothing in the way of effects, unless his debts, incurred by drinking, be classed as such. Friendly influence obtained for her the tenancy of the Green Cottage, where the foundations were laid of her subsequent surgical reputation. By selling every stick of furniture she could manage to do without, and by the severe thrift of years, Mrs. Burrows succeeded in paying off some of her husband's liabilities; the rest were waived by the more generous-minded creditors. For some years she pursued an uneventful course. Everyone knew the little woman who kept the Green Cabin and cured corns. Gradually people of means began to patronise her; she received crested envelopes containing notes from ladies of rank requesting her attendance, and finally the Countess — sent her carriage and pair to convey Mrs. Burrows over to the Castle to minister comfort to toes which many a gallant fellow would at one time have gladly gone down on his knees to kiss. Moreover, the Countess was an honourable woman, and when, at length, she found she could once more dance without agony, she wrote in her own hand on her own emblazoned notepaper to acknowledge her gratitude to her benefactress. I have seen the letter, along with scores of others bearing similar testimony, pasted in the large album which Mrs. Burrows kept for the purpose.

According to the laws of cause and effect the proper sequel to such uplifting experiences should have been a state of almost unapproachable pride. The fact was the precise opposite. True, a neat brass plate with "Chiropodist" engraved under the name had by now appeared on the door post in place of the card in the window. In reality Mrs. Burrows was graduating in humility, and she soon found herself arrested by an opportunity for an act of splendid self-denial. Amongst her neighbours she had become intimate with a certain carpenter, who was yoked in wedlock to a drunken partner. Several years had passed since their marriage, and no child came to break up the dreary monotony of their existence. The man, whose constitution was rotten, grew more capricious and exacting; the woman, as a consequence, drank harder and harder till she drank herself to death, but shortly before that fatal terminus she gave birth to a child. Her husband, fast losing his sight, a lone and kinless man, was in a wretched plight for the maintenance of himself and his infant. He muddled on for a while with such help as he could get from neighbours, amongst whom Mrs. Burrows was conspicuous. Then he became totally blind, and she, out of the pure pity of her heart and after quiet thinking and strenuous prayer, remembering, too, that Christ was a Carpenter, took the blind man by the hand and married him. Mrs. Hale, or Burrows-Hale, as she was known henceforth professionally, was nearly 60, but young in heart, hardy and active, and with husband and child both utterly dependent upon her, she could not afford to relax her efforts to gain a livelihood by her skill in chiropody. The man still tried to do some simple jobs, if it were only to relieve the tedium of his darkened world, though he found his way to the bar of the "Spotted Cow" more

often than to his workshop. This latter consisted of a loft in an old shed, and when Hale was in an industrious frame of mind his wife would go with him to see that he met with no mishap in climbing up and down the ladder, and would sit on a box amongst the shavings, nursing the baby, and ready to find a tool the carpenter required, or to help him in any way she could. His gratitude was, perhaps, one of those rivers that run very deep, for it assumed no obvious features. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hale was not one to regret the step she had taken. She had taken it with her eyes open, expecting much trial of the spirit—a crop she did not fail to reap. Happily she was one who regarded pain as having a purpose not less than joy. "It was permitted," or "it must have been ordered," were expressions familiar to her lips. "We cannot recognise it, but it's all ordered—it must be; don't you think so?" she would say, and, assuming, as was her custom, that my silence meant assent, she would clasp her hands and exclaim, with a glow on her face, "Ah, blessed!"

One day a misfortune occurred which at once put an end to the now desultory carpentering and subjected her optimistic faith to a new and painful test. The artisan and his wife and child were in the loft together one afternoon when Hale proceeded to shift some rather heavy timber he had in store. Immediately, the old decayed floor gave way. The man found himself on the ground below without any serious injury, the babe was howling in the midst of a soft heap of shavings, likewise none the worse for its sudden descent, but Mrs. Hale hung suspended on a great broken nail that had pierced the flesh of her arm. The interval before her liberation may not have been many minutes, though time is a poor measure of agony. But at once the thought flashed into her mind that this was the veritable torture of crucifixion. That thought steadied her nerve until she was released and fainted—"It is well that I should feel what my Saviour suffered for me." The nail in the beam, like all things else, was "an instrument of good in His holy will."

One day when she had been referring to this period of her life she rose from her seat and crossed the room to her shelf of books. Taking down Sebastian Kneipp's "Water Cure," she drew my attention to a few lines she had written on the fly-leaf. Whether they were in part a quotation or not, I cannot be sure. It matters not, for it was an exact expression of her own mind, and the last phrase was certainly original. The words, which I copied into my pocket-book, were these:—"In many cases ingratitude, scorn and insults were my reward. But God allowed it to be so for our exquisite pleasure and holy joy. (The italics are mine.)"

But in all the divine significance of suffering the foremost element is its demand to be stayed. "It is a blessed privilege to alleviate pain," Mrs. Hale would say; and whether by bearing it with fortitude or by skilfully defeating its attack so "to use our present mortal body as to glorify Almighty God our heavenly Father by being willing to obey Jesus our Redeemer and King."

When she was fifteen Mrs. Hale had left



home to keep house for her solitary widowed uncle, with whom she remained for the next ten or eleven years. He was a man of refined and sensitive nature like her own, a herbalist and chiropodist, who took a genuine pleasure in teaching his niece everything he knew himself. Moreover, he was a Swedenborgian, wont to trace sacred correspondences and celestial allegories between his Bible and nature, and the sentences and episodes of the former were as familiar to him as the by-paths and hedgerows for five miles around his door. In this wholesome atmosphere of sincerity and simple ways the girl had grown up with a religious but cheerful enthusiasm for cultivating health and love. And when once she had discovered that she had the power to make the lame walk, no dignity could have induced her to forsake her post of honour.

This was a preparation for the gospel of peace. Although by bequest of her uncle and her own purchases she had acquired a row of ponderous medical works, not unstudied, which amongst others included Quain's "Anatomy," Churchill's "Medical Botany," and Culpepper's "Herbalist" in two folio volumes, I have no doubt that it was by her own dexterity and the lovely beams of wisdom she slipped in between, rather than by book-lore, that she achieved success. "Bless his holy name that we can help one another," she would say with a kind of irrepressible mirth and never with a touch of sanctimony.

After the blind carpenter had paid his debt to nature, she and the boy moved into a small buff-painted house beside the public gardens, where, from her bow-window, she could always see the flowers. One day, when I dropped in, she was showing a lady an anatomical diagram of the arterial system, and comparing it to the branches of a tree she added: "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."

Catholic in her welcome to the light, she had no denominational attachments. She kept a Unitarian hymn book beside her for the pleasure of reading fine sacred poetry; for some time she attended Salvation Army prayer meetings, and when in her eighth decade candidly acknowledged her conversion under the influence of a benevolent Anglican clergyman. One may hope that the latter received from his gentle and venerable convert as much good as she felt she had gained from him. Respecting the Salvation Army, she intimated her general agreement with the views expressed saving *only* the doctrine of the salvation of the soul! "We cannot save the soul, can we?" she remarked, naively. "All souls are *His*. We can only save the *body*, and that's what I try to do, and why I want to teach someone to take up my work when I am gone." To her, at any rate, the body was a temple of the Holy Spirit, and it was her high privilege to serve as doorkeeper to it.

Mrs. Hale was in love with life and joy, and held that this sweet-breathed world, which is always laughing in sunbeams somewhere, is the best of places to secure both. "The Lord Jesus Christ's own planet, the Earth," as she called it. Her fine skin and gentle blue eyes at 80 were vouchers of her compact with the open sky.

"My Sunshine, blessed Sunshine! Where's my Sunshine?" you would hear her exclaim, meaning the goldy-locked child who dropped in on her way home from school in the afternoon to see if she could run an errand. Once, when the conversation happened to turn on the stars, she told "Sunshine" of her recollection of the great star shower of 1866; of how, when she retired to bed at night, she prayed "God, please wake me"; and then, when He did so, of her unbounded wonder at the streaming fires and her exclamation, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

The boy Richard, was now 18, a strong boorish fellow, disinclined to settle down to steady work. He proved a disappointment in one situation after another, so his foster-mother decided to send him to Canada, and he reluctantly consented to go. The night before he left he held a loaded pistol to her head and threatened to shoot her. The little woman stood perfectly calm, gazing with her soft grey-blue eyes into the face of the boy she had loved and cherished from the cradle, and was now intending to start in life, and said gently and slowly, "Well, if it be His will . . ." The young barbarian was conquered, surrendered the pistol, and sat down before the fire, declining to go to bed. "Garga," as he called Mrs. Hale, lay down on the couch, and after a while rose and said, "Now, Richard, change places with me." He did so, and slept till morning, when she woke him. He at first refused to go on board the ship. "You will, if you love me, Richard," she said, "and now go and have your bath." He obeyed, and after breakfast started with a friend to embark for Manitoba. Mrs. Hale's hope had been that she might initiate him into the holy fellowship of the Healers, and that, as a scientific barber, he might honour his Maker by attending to people's hair as she did by doctoring their feet. The boy's recalcitrancy had been a keen disappointment to her, but she never uttered one impatient word against the Will that ordains; and if I ventured to offer a word of commiseration over her unthankworthy task, I met with the gentle rebuke, "Christ is in the children." At 80 the end came. Day by day the Queen's nurses dropped in from their headquarters a few doors off, and ministered comfort during her last hours. She lay in her little camp bed, which had been brought down into the sitting-room. One evening, in the winter, when I called I found her seated on the edge of her bed with her feet to the fire, seeking relief from a terrible cough. I sat silent on the other side of the fireplace. The lamp, turned low, stood on the table in the middle of the room. A sentence passed at intervals across the hearth. After a while she said, "Now, if you will turn round I will get into bed." I laid a shawl over her, kissed her forehead, and went out.

Mrs. Hale had a book on spiritualism. She accepted the matter candidly, it seemed natural; but she was unsentimental, and said little about a future life, being content to let the other world take care of itself until we get there. She one day placed this little volume in my hands as a keepsake, insisting at the same time on my finding a corner in my study by and

by where the two folios of Culpepper would not feel themselves strangers in a foreign land.

H. M. L.

## ENGLISH FRUIT.

THIS has not been altogether a satisfactory fruit season. Supplies of several kinds have been short and quality rather defective, though prices have been, as a rule, comparatively high. But notwithstanding all the irregularities and shortcomings of an exceptional season, the supply has been incomparably larger, the quality far higher, and prices a good deal lower than only a generation or two ago would have been conceived to be within the bounds of possibility.

On the whole matter of fruit eating public opinion and public taste have undergone a marvellous change well within the memory of many now living. In the early half of last century a leading London review quite truthfully remarked that "owing to the little attention paid to the mode of raising fruit and the small and uncertain demand for it when produced, it is one of the most expensive articles at the table." That was undoubtedly true at the time, though the secret of the dearness of fruit and the smallness of consumption could not fairly be attributed primarily to the want of commercial enterprise. The fact is that in the early part of last century when, as a people, we were only beginning to make the acquaintance of Southern Europeans and were full of stupid and ignorant prejudices against all foreigners, their love of fruit was noted with contemptuous amusement, and was held to account for many of their peculiarities of character and physique. Light wine and fruit might do for Frenchmen and Italians, Spaniards and Greeks; but if Englishmen were to retain the good solid qualities that had given them their leading place in the world, something more substantial must be relied upon, both in food and drink. Roast beef and good strong ale were very generally held to account for the qualities that had made Englishmen what they were, and any change of diet must inevitably result in the deterioration of Englishmen physically and morally. This apprehension was by no means confined to the uneducated and ignorant. There were scientists—or pseudo-scientists—who, in the earlier half of last century, gravely propounded the theory that the coldness and dampness of our English climate rendered fruit an unfit article of diet; and when in 1846 we had a serious outbreak of cholera, it was all but universally attributed—not to the lack of efficient drainage, to the filthy cesspools with which all populous neighbourhoods were then thickly dotted, and the consequent pollution of water supplies—but to the growing indulgence in fruit eating. One of the most striking results of the rapidly growing intercourse between different nations during the last generation or two has been the complete dissipation of this stupid insular prejudice and the rapid expansion of our fruit resources, to the great enhancement of the beauty and fertility of our land, the enjoyment of life, and the im-



provement of health. The past two generations have not only added immensely to our consumption of foreign fruit, but have enormously developed and improved our own native produce.

Comparatively few persons are aware how very few are our indigenous fruits, and how very poor they were till a quite recent period. Indeed, when one comes to consider the general character of English fruits until they were improved by scientific methods and the importation of new kinds, it must be admitted that the prejudices against fruit as an article of diet may not have been absolutely unfounded. The apple, for instance, seems to be a genuine native. But until not so very long ago the finest form of it was the crab of our woods, the very name of which has become an English synonym for all that is hard and sour. Our only indigenous forms of the plum, again, are the sloes and bullaces of our hedgerows. Perhaps it cannot be thought surprising that no one with a proper respect for his digestive apparatus would think it prudent to indulge any innate love of fruit by resort to crabs and bullaces and sloes. The strawberry is another of the few undoubted natives of the British Isles. In many parts of the country they are still to be found where Gerard found them three hundred years ago—"upon hills and in valleys, likewise in woods and other places that be somewhat shadowie." Sometimes they may be found sufficiently fine and full-flavoured to make them worth the picking; but at their best they are poor, puny little things compared with the fruit that, even in so unpropitious a season as this has been, was for a short time poured into London in enormous quantities.

As to the cherry, which has become so brilliant a feature of our autumn supplies, that is not even a European by nativity. Its history is somewhat obscure. It is said that the Romans brought it home as a great acquisition from Pontus some sixty or seventy years before the Christian era. Being perfectly hardy, it spread from Italy to the northern countries of Europe, and it is from the Romans we are supposed to have got it in the first instance, though it seems certain that at least one variety of the fruit was imported directly from the Netherlands in the time of Henry VIII. Take away from our present list of English fruits all for which we are not unquestionably indebted to foreign countries and we shall find that all we can boast of are crab apples, bullaces and sloes, wood strawberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries, and a few nuts, and it is more than possible that if we knew the pedigree of all the fruit that now comes on to most tables in such beauty and profusion, we should find that it is practically all of foreign origin, though no doubt in many cases enormously developed and improved by cultured methods here at home and the application of science. Britain itself is more beautiful and fruitful for our intercourse with foreign countries. May that same intercourse and the better knowledge and understanding that will most certainly come of it speedily bring about the beauty of universal peace, and the fruitfulness of right-doing among nations, the beating of all swords into ploughshares, and all spears into pruning hooks! It is all in the same line of

natural development that has long been turning our hedgerow sloes into Victoria plums and doubling and trebling the size of apples and pears.

## A PRESBYTERIAN WORTHY.

### III.

It would not be appropriate to these columns to give illustrations of Clegg's activities as a farmer and live-stock dealer, though in themselves these are not the least interesting elements in the diary, exhibiting his practical sagacity and business aptitudes and affording instructive sidelights on the economical conditions in England about two centuries ago. He was fully awake in regard to all material improvements, as for instance:—

"September 28th, 1730.—Came to Winstar about noon. Saw 3 curious engines at work there, which by ye force of fire heating water to a vapour a prodigious weight of water was raised from a very great depth. The hott vapour ascends from an iron pan, close covered, through a brass cylinder fixed to the top, and by its expanding force raises one end of the engine, which is brought down again by the sudden introduction of a dash of cold water into ye same cylinder which condenseth ye vapour. Thus the hott vapour and cold water act by turns, and give ye clearest demonstration of ye mighty elastic force of air."

This was forty years before Watt applied the separate condenser and converted the Newcomen atmospheric into the steam engine.

In his conjugal and domestic life Clegg had mostly sunshine, yet did not entirely escape foul weather. He married soon after the beginning of his ministry Anne Campion of Edale. He notes:—

"August 7th, 1735.—I had an unhappy difference with my wife, and uttered some harsh and hasty expressions yt cost me trouble afterwards. God grant me meekness and humility; may I learn of Jesus."

When she died on January 30th, 1742, he makes this entry:—

"This is the widest breach ever made upon me. The greatest loss I ever sustained. I am now deprived of a most pious, prudent, diligent, careful and affectionate companion."

He had troubles with his children sometimes.

"August 2nd, 1749.—My son James came to us, and I called son John to account for his undutiful behaviour to me, and laid his conduct before his brothers and sisters, which raised in them great indignation and grief; but he was obstinate and filled with rage without relenting. They all agreed he should be sent back to Manchester as soon as possible."

"August 7th, 1749.—My son John took out and sent away all his goods. I was all ye day almost at son Middleton's, whither John came up to me at night to beg forgiveness for his behaviour, but confessed not his faults in particular, nor seemed sufficiently humble. I said a great deal to him, but with too much passion. May God forgive me what I said amiss."

We are not told the ultimate results of these jobations in the family circle and afterwards at "son Middleton's." In these days the patriarchal conception of kinship has disappeared. It is to be feared that the aged are now, more often than the contrary, reprimanded by their adult sons and daughters. Clegg, there is reason to believe, was of a deeply affectionate nature, and the anger of his son, if it continued, must have been heartbreaking to him.

In 1745 the diarist married a second wife in the person of Mrs. Eyre, the widow of Thomas Eyre, of Hathersage and Stockport, who, however, died in 1748, leaving with him as a stepdaughter a Miss Eyre, who appears to have been antagonistic to her stepfather's serious and earnest character—to have been in fact pleasure-loving, giddy, flighty and utterly unmanageable. There were quarrels and reconciliations, till friction was finally removed by her marriage. The old man was not a schemer; guile was as far from him as the antipodes; but in the love affair Clegg so urged and so hindered, so pulled forward and then backward that the bar was slid irrevocably into the socket. In his innocence he did unintentionally but successfully what match-making mammas with all their ingenuity often fail in.

James Clegg was not only a minister of religion but a doctor of medicine. In 1728 he writes that he had practised medicine for twenty years, that he had begun to do so on the advice of a friend, that he had read much on the subject of medicine, that he practised first among the poor, that his practice had gradually extended till the rich had begun to apply to him, that at length "some zealots of the Church had threatened a prosecution in the Spiritual Court for practising without a Licence," that he had tried to procure a diploma from Edinburgh and then from Glasgow, but had failed. At length in 1729 through the interest of friends he gained the degree of M.D. from the University of Aberdeen without, so far as appears, going to Aberdeen, or being seen by those who granted the degree, or being in any way examined as to his qualifications. He practised as a physician, not as surgeon. There is no evidence as to his surgical knowledge, none that he had any experience of dissection or of vivisection. But his patients had confidence in him, he was in constant request, and was summoned even to distant places. He notes that on April 2, 1734, he was summoned to Macclesfield, 12 miles distant, to see a patient, and on the 27th of the following month he writes:—

"A messenger came to call me to Derby (45 miles) to old Francis Thomasson, seized with a pleuritic fever. Set out (from Tideswell) for Derby about 3 in the afternoon, was at Derby at 8, saw the patient, and rode home next day." These are but examples.

What was Dr. Clegg's skill that he should inspire a trust which brought him patients in five counties? Instances of the manner in which he treated maladies of his own are the following:—

"On the 17th (December, 1738) I had last night a very bad night; an ague fitt



seized me, and then a high fever; got a little sleep and it did not refresh me. In ye morning I found myself almost disabled from walking, and was full of pain. I took some powdered sulphur and Balsam of Sulphur, mixed with conserve of roses, drinking after it whey and small liquors, but had a very bad day."

"Dec. 18th.—Had a very bad night; short sleeps sadly perplexed and lost; my fever was very high; great and continuall thirst, but when I was up found my pain abated, and was more able to walk, but had no appetite but to drink. I drank apple tea and small table beer, and a glass or two of birch wine with a little claret, and before night found my fever and thirst abating."

In 1743 he writes, "By frequent disorders in my head and eyes I am often disabled from preparing new discourses, and am necessitated, instead of that, to review and correct some that were delivered some years ago, which I hope may be as beneficial as if they were new."

On this occasion as a remedy he administered to himself "squills and garlick infused in vinegar and honey, and dissolved in it gum ammoniacum and Balsam of Tola, and now and then I took spermaceti, dissolved in hott broth."

HALLIWELL THOMAS.

(To be continued.)

## LITERARY STUDIES.

### A NOVEL FOR THE TIMES.

THE question, What is Christianity? exercises many minds to-day. Suspicions are gaining ground that it is, at any rate, not to be identified with the belief in a theological system welded together out of many diverse elements in an age when the very terms used in discussion were philosophical storm-centres. Suspicion has given place to conviction that it is not simply otherworldliness. At least, it is made quite clear that if it really is either assent to the intellectual achievements of the fourth and sixteenth centuries as final truth, or concern in a kingdom never to be realised on earth, or to be realised in heaven or on earth by the few only, then it is hopeless to expect the modern man or woman to be a Christian. Shall we ask rather, Where is Christianity? believing that it "belongs to the sphere of life rather than of logic," and "comes to highest expression not in formulæ but in enthusiasms," to quote a writer in the current *Hibbert Journal*. Where is it to be seen in action as even one among other factors in modern life, waiving the question whether it is anywhere the dominant factor? Is it operative in the business world, or in the industrial activities of men and women day by day? Does it find expression in the art, literature, drama, or even in the recreations of the people? Are diplomacy and international politics, for example, part of its social effect? Is the bindingness of the marriage vow, even where it was

blasphemy to take such a vow, and the vow should never have been taken, one of its demands on our conscience? These questions have long found utterance in the lay world within and in the wide world without the churches, and the fact that the clergy have been so slow to admit their validity, and slower still to answer them, is no doubt largely responsible for "the alienation from church life of so much that is good in modern culture, and so much that is earnest in every class," to quote words used by Professor Jacks some years ago.

It is significant to notice the attitude of the dogmatist towards similar modern questionings and the questioners. An extreme instance, yet typical of one large religious communion, is seen in the pages of the current *Catholic Review*. Admissions are made which are of supreme interest to us, but evidently depressing to the good Roman Catholic. "Theosophy has made rapid way in all the countries of Europe, and persons are actually assisting at Mass in Catholic countries with the Theosophist prayer book in their hands"—this in an article on Satanic Mysticism, the writer of which declares that spirits simulating the dead are "devils who temporarily take possession of the medium or speak through the adepts." Another writer confidently asserts, with an allusion to the recent utterance of the chairman of the Congregational Union, that "two hundred and fifty years on both Anglicanism and Nonconformity will have ceased to exist; only the Catholic Church will remain." With a meaning the writer of those words would not understand, we profoundly hope, and unceasingly pray, that the prophecy may come true. But true catholicity will be achieved only when the authority of the Church is a moral authority, consonant with the best knowledge, and compelling in her members an inner assent of the will rather than the outward conformity of intellectual stagnation. But the *Catholic Review* shirks the essential question, takes for granted a foregone conclusion, and alternates between despair in the contemplation of the wickedness of Protestantism and unbounded confidence in the prospects of Roman Catholicism.

In circles where liberal preachers and Roman priests alike are negligible quantities Mr. Winston Churchill's latest book will be widely read. "The Inside of the Cup" is a powerful novel which frankly faces both the alarming and the hopeful facts in the present situation. Mr. Churchill's vivid portrayal of character and his dramatic instinct support the truthfulness of his analysis of forces at work within and around the churches. It is true that he singles out a particular religious communion as a setting for the action of his novel, but only a little scene-shifting and a few alterations in the properties would be required if the hero were to be presented as minister of a dissenting, even of a liberal church, rather than a clergyman in American Episcopal Orders. The Rev. John Hodder becomes a Modernist, who is able to reconcile the most radical changes in his theological outlook with the retention of his office in Holy Orders, and there will be many who suppose that the essential theme of the

novel is the question whether he should have remained in the Church. They will miss the real contribution which Mr. Churchill has made to the world in this book. Almost simultaneously Hodder is led to reconsider the Creeds and his relation to them in the light of modern historical criticism and of the philosophical work of thinkers like Professor Royce and the late Professor William James, and as the result of certain discoveries he makes, to abandon his artificial, superficial and protected view of society. He finds that Eldon Parr, a clever financier, chief layman of the diocese, munificent supporter of charities and religious institutions, but a materialist to his finger-tips, has ruined innumerable men, who, relying on his reputation, had invested their money in a shady concern out of which he had secured a fortune for himself. Amongst these is Horace Bentley, whose obscure and yet far-reaching and wise ministry to the poor becomes known to Hodder and profoundly influences him. Kate Marcy, a working girl, whom Parr's only son wished to marry, and ought to have married, Eldon Parr had driven on to the streets. Her rescue by Hodder and Bentley gives Mr. Churchill an opportunity for a most forceful treatment of the position of "an outlawed and desperate class" which is so largely produced by the very social system which secures wealth and luxury for Eldon Parr and his associates.

Now we are most significantly shown that the battle Hodder felt called to fight in order to free his church from the grip of a relentless, unrepentant, all-pervasive materialism, loomed larger for him than the shipwreck of his own orthodoxy. He seems to recognise instinctively that in the matter of historical criticism and the newer philosophy of religion he is himself behind the times, and is a learner with the laity. He is enlightened by the thoughtful city librarian: "We can hardly get a sufficient number of these new religious books—the good ones, I mean—to supply the demand . . . Years ago we could not supply enough Darwins and Huxleys and Spencers, and popular science generally. That was an agnostic age. But now you'd be surprised to see the different kinds of men and women who come demanding books on religion. . . . They're beginning to miss it out of their lives; they want to know. If my opinion's worth anything I should not hesitate to declare that we are on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen." The forces of destruction Hodder saw were already at work. He found his own constructive solution, and publicly made known his changed view of the nature and proper place of the Creeds. That done, he declined to resign his living—and here we come to the crux of the matter. Placed as he was, and under the special conditions, it would have been no heroism, but the Great Refusal itself, had Hodder yielded to pressure and resigned. But there is no justification offered here for men who have already reached Hodder's point of view, and are prepared to swallow their objections and take Holy Orders with blasphemy against Truth. "Remove the vows," the librarian says, "and you will see the young men come. Young men are idealists, Mr. Hodder, and they embrace other pro-



fessions where the mind is free, and which are not one whit better paid than the ministry." The antagonism between Hodder and Eldon Parr—an antagonism which had replaced intimacy and sympathy, and was, therefore, the more painful—had a deeper foundation than difference of doctrine. The basis of it appears in the great scene, in which Hodder confronts Parr with a gospel of repentance and restitution, but that scene must stand as a whole. It appears also in a conversation between the clergyman and Langmaid, an astute lawyer, without whose aid Parr's unscrupulous business methods would long ago have involved him in conflict with the law. Hodder asks:—

"Why this heavy expenditure to maintain religious services for a handful of people? Is it not, when we come down to facts, an increasingly futile effort to bring the influences of religion to bear on the lower classes in order that they may remain contented with their lot, with that station and condition in the world where—it is argued—it has pleased God to call them? If that were not so, in my opinion, there are very few of the privileged classes who would invest a dollar in the church. And the proof of it is that the moment a clergyman raises his voice to proclaim the true message of Christianity they are up in arms with the cry of socialism. They have come to see that their privileges are immediately threatened."

"Haven't they the right," Langmaid asked, "to demand the kind of religion they pay for?"

"Provided you don't call it religion," said the rector.

Here Mr. Churchill has found the root of the problem facing ministers whose views undergo a change; and, let it be remembered, it faces men in advanced churches who seek to combat cold intellectualism and replace it by warm religious conviction, as well as men in orthodox churches who make public avowal of their theological emancipation. Whether a minister be too advanced or too orthodox, he finds men who claim the right to have the kind of religion they pay for. Agreed, we say, so long as they do not call it religion and expect us to be its salesmen. But what Hodder found, and what many another has found, is that the fear of "socialism"—a vague term covering a multitude of social ideals agreeing in nothing but their antagonism to the present order—is deeper even than the fear of theological veracity. The enemy of religion to-day is not that of the religion of forty years ago. Where, now, is the threatening face of scientific rationalism? Men who then feared are now grateful for new light, while the men who were confident then in the anticipated results of their work are confident now only in the validity of their methods. A new spirit on the part of serious leaders of thought towards the problems of mind and spirit, exemplified by Henri Bergson's acceptance of office as President of the Society for Psychical Research and his recent address to the Society, is already fruitful in bringing about a new attitude towards religion. The enemy is the spirit of materialism, the adoption of cash values and their displace-

ment of spiritual values—how many municipalities are more intent on fostering "joy in widest commonalty spread" than on their balance-sheet? It is the poisoning of endeavour and aspiration and righteousness by the philosophy of "the devil take the hindmost."

Hodder perceived, at last, that "the form all religion takes is that of consecration to a Cause, one of God's many causes. The meaning of life is to find one's Cause, to lose oneself in it. His was to help liberate the Church, to fan into flame the fire which was to consume the injustice, the tyranny, the selfishness of the world." We shall look to Mr. Churchill for a sequel to show us what Hodder's church became after Eldon Parr and his friends withdrew first his salary and then themselves, and Hodder and Parr's daughter faced the future together. But we are deeply grateful for this virile and fearless book, which is one of the signs of the times, and for the vision of the Church truly Catholic, tolerant, and with portals wide in welcome of all mankind, the vision of the new Cathedral of Democracy, which is to be the artistic expression of the mute yearnings of a people, a race.

H. E. B. SPEIGHT.

## LITERARY NOTES.

AMONG the forthcoming books announced for publication is the biography of W. T. Stead, written by his daughter, Miss Estelle W. Stead, entitled "My Father: Personal and Spiritual Experiences" (Heinemann). A large part of the volume consists of intimate records that were prepared by Mr. Stead himself. Mr. Heinemann is also publishing the life of the late General Booth, by Mr. Harold Begbie. Messrs. Methuen include in their list "The Regent," by Arnold Bennett, and novels by G. K. Chesterton and Joseph Conrad. H. G. Wells's "The Passionate Friends" will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan.

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Two or more volumes from the pen of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, who is now on his way to India, including a collection of poems dealing with childhood, are promised shortly. A new book by Mr. Fielding Hall, "The Passing of Empire," is also in preparation, and will be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. It is a plea for India, written from the point of view that "the time is coming when, unless we go hand in hand with her along the path to nationhood, she will desert us."

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WILLIAM MORRIS's prose romances will soon be accessible in a cheap form. Messrs. Longman are about to issue during this month "A Dream of John Ball," "A Tale of the House of the Wolfings," and "The Roots of the Mountains" (two volumes); to be followed in November by "The Wood Beyond the World," "The Well at the World's End" (two volumes), and "The Story of the Glittering Plain." "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" and "The Sundering Flood" (each in two

volumes) will appear next year. A new edition of the works of George Eliot, the "Cabinet edition," in seventeen volumes at a shilling each, is also announced by Messrs. Blackwood.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### ALL AMONG THE HEATHER.

I.

OPEN the little gate on the right; let us get off the dusty highway and make for the fell. On past those huge blackberry bushes which promise to yield what the shepherd's old wife calls "a vast o' brambles" in ten days' time. In that hollow to the left I have often found wild raspberries. Let us examine the spot. Yes, here they are, and unvisited as yet this year, for the crimson fruit is hanging in perfect clusters. It is unusually sweet—the result of the long dry spell. A wet August washes flavour out of wild fruit, but it can bear drought fairly well, for its roots burrow deep, deep down through the light soil, and suck up the moisture stored under the plentiful stones and boulders of this mountain region.

Here is another kind of wild fruit which will not ripen for some weeks. Do you remember the masses of small white flowers which we saw on these thorny bushes in the early spring, when as yet there were no leaves on them? These bushes are a variety of the sloe or blackthorn. Do you see any fruit? It is not easy to see, like the blackberry, for it hides under the twigs to which it is attached without much, if any, stalk. You still see none? Look for round, greenish fruit the size of a freshly shelled pea. There will be a bluish tinge in the green. Are they not hard? Look at Charlie's face, all screwed up. He has set his teeth into one. Sour? Yes, indeed; he will feel his throat and tongue rough for a long time. They will grow rather larger, but never really soft, though they will be very pretty, for they will turn a lovely dark blue and be covered with a downy bloom as delicate as that of the daintiest peach. But they will still be sour and harsh. There is another very similar bush, the bullace, which has somewhat larger fruit of the same colour and a little less sour. When I was a schoolgirl we gathered a lot of bullaces and left them on a shelf in a sunny attic. In the following winter we came on the forgotten store and found what looked like toy prunes. The fruit had dried slowly in the sun; the sourness had gone, and the tiny prunes were pleasantly sweet. There is one more bush belonging to the same genus as the sloe and the bullace. It is the wild plum; its fruit is also sour and more like a damson in shape. The botany books tell us that our orchard plums are supposed to have had one of these three as an original parent. Just as the crab is believed to be the ancestor of our sweet, juicy dessert apples, and the simple wild rose the ancestor of the many-folded, richly scented rose of the garden, which has as many petals in one blossom as will be found on a whole bush of roses in the lane.



How hot it is now we are on the open fell! Let us press on over this turfy sheep pasture to the bracken patches. The bracken is so tall that we can sit down among it and be fairly well shaded from the sun. There will be some when we turn to the left above that great rock.

Alas, for our shade! This bracken patch is all cut down. We must mount yet higher, where the boulders are scattered so thickly that the farmer cannot find room to swing his scythe and mow the bracken down. No, he does not cut it for fodder, as he does the hay-grass. He uses it when dry and brown, like this, as bedding for the animals. It is warmer than straw, and being plentiful in this mountain district, where little corn can be grown, almost entirely takes the place of straw. In a few days you will see the men and boys come with large sledges, which they will drag up the fells. They will pile the dry bracken on them and tie the mass down with ropes; then, merrily pushing and pulling, will soon get the sledge to the nearest cart road, where it will be tossed out and the sledge dragged back for a fresh load. When enough has been brought to fill a cart it will be carried to the farm and put into stacks, very much like hay. Useful as bracken is, the farmers sometimes get too much of it on their land. Its strong, tough roots push their way and fight the pasture grass and the heather for possession of the food which roots suck up from the soil. It is a greedy plant, and not only starves out the less vigorous growths, but, spreading its broad leaves over them, robs them of sunshine.

Here is tall bracken in plenty. Let us sit and cool and enjoy the view. What does Willie say? He is not hot enough nor tired enough to want to sit down? Then he is the bud which will some day blossom into a mountaineer, and he will climb the Pinnacle and the other difficult peaks in this wild Lake District, and will perhaps find some fresh rock face that no one has yet attempted, climb it successfully, and be a nine-days' wonder in the climbers' world; meantime—Willie, Willie, come back! It is boggy down there. If you try to cross that bright green hollow you will be up to your knees in water. That pretty green stuff is not grass, but a kind of moss which only grows in wet places. There is a great deal of boggy land in this region, but in daylight you will never plunge into it unawares if you take notice of what grows in front of you. Rushes mean moist soil; then there are mosses such as this brilliant sort; but the chief danger-signal is that white stuff growing on a wiry stalk. It looks like a tiny pennant made of fluffed-out cotton wool. Now we will mount again. It is not easy for short people to struggle through this tough bracken. Give me your hand, Charlie—I'll pull you through. We shall soon be clear of it and up in that great sea of lovely purple heather. Yes, it is the same flower as the stray clumps we passed lower down. It looks pink close at hand, and more or less purple in the distance. There, we have done with bracken, and can get on nicely over the springy heather.

What are you two little girls arguing about? No, it is not absurd of Fanny to say that she can smell honey. It only proves that her sense of smell is keener

than yours, Ida. There is honey all about us, lots of it, in the flowers of the heather. Kneel down and bury your nose in a clump. Ah, now you smell honey. So do the bees. Don't you hear them all about us? Bees will fly over two miles from their hives to get to heather if there is none nearer home. Is it not still up here? No sound but their gentle hum, and the far-away murmur of a hidden stream.

EMILY NEWLING.

## MEMORIAL NOTICE.

THE REV. JOHN FOX.

WE regret to announce the death of the Rev. John Fox, at his residence in Leeds, on August 29, in his 80th year. Mr. Fox was minister at Heywood, Lancs., from 1864-78, Newark, Notts., 1878-85, Hunslet, Leeds, 1886-1906, and in this capacity his work was marked by steadfastness and sincerity, and the fearlessness of an independent mind allying itself to no special school, but giving his own interpretation of the facts of religion and Christianity with courage and ability. He is remembered by those who came under his ministry with love and respect, and gratitude for his encouraging words and good example. Mr. Fox was one of that great majority whose opportunities at the beginning of life are limited and whose privileges were few, but he chose early the path of mental improvement and self-culture and prepared himself for the service of God and his fellow men. He identified himself with many good causes, and laboured for their triumph with steady zeal and much self-denial. He had a deep sympathy with those whose lot in the world it is to toil from morn till night, and was an earnest worker for educational progress and moral and material improvement, as well as a strenuous apostle of temperance and international peace. He had the mind of the student, and as a sincere lover of truth sought freely and fearlessly for light in the regions of material science as well as in the realm of the spirit. During his long and laborious life his powers of mind and soul were ever devoted to the progress of good, and he was a splendid example of loyalty to faith and reason. The funeral took place on September 2, when the remains were cremated at Lawns Wood Cemetery, Leeds.

THE Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society has drawn the attention of the Foreign Office to the reported dismissal, at the dictation of the planters, of the protector of natives on the cocoa island of Principe. The Society also states that a licence has been granted for the transport of 300 people to the islands of San Thomé and Principe, and urges upon the Government the "imperative necessity" of securing a withdrawal of this licence, "which, in view of the prevalence of the terrible malady of sleeping sickness (on Principe) can only be described as inhuman."

## MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS.

### THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SUMMER MEETING.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

To upwards of a thousand men and women, of every class and creed and nationality and age, the days between August 1 and August 26 have been enchanted days, in which the delights of a magic city have held them spell-bound. They have dispersed now all over the world to the many distant homes from which they were drawn by one magnetic attraction. But the spell which Oxford wove around them is not broken even yet. As Pheidippides in Browning's poem was able to show the sprig of fennel which the great god Pan had given him to prove it was no idle dream he was recounting, no fancied inspiration he had received, so these men and women carry away with them in their hearts and minds that which shall prove they have turned a deaf ear to the clamorous demands of the body, and have forsaken for a brief space the world of materialism and commercial gain to feed their souls in a land that flows with spiritual milk and honey. Its glamour lingers round them still—elusive, indescribable, yet the realest thing they know.

"Have you had a good time?" ask the Englishman's friends.

"Vous vous-êtes bien amusés?" say the Frenchman's.

"Yes," says the Englishman dreamily, he has had a very good time.

"Yes," says the Frenchman, he has been *bien amusé*. But both have a far-away look in their eyes; neither vouchsafes any further account of his month in Oxford; and the questioners go their way, a little puzzled and disappointed.

To those who have drunk most deeply of the joys of a Summer Meeting, it seems indeed a hopeless task to convey any idea of its varied and far-reaching influences to those who have never been. But, if we make no attempt at all, we are to a certain extent betraying our trust, and shirking the missionary responsibility which is laid upon all who would share their own happiness with others. So one Englishwoman at least will try, however feebly, to suggest something of what the past month has meant to her.

Let us deal first with its *intellectual* influences. It cannot be too often repeated that, as far as the purely intellectual benefit to be derived from such a meeting is concerned, it is exactly in proportion to the individual preparatory work done by each student. To listen to an hour's lecture on an entirely unfamiliar subject may inspire one to become better acquainted with that subject on the first opportunity; it may afford a very interesting study of the personality of the lecturer; or it may fulfil the function of the sermon in George Herbert's poem, where

God takes the text and preaches patience.



But such gains are psychological and moral—not intellectual.

The first necessity in preparing for a Summer Meeting is to choose one's subjects. This year the programme was the Evolution of France, and students were invited to study its History, its contributions to Literature, the Fine Arts, Philosophy and Science, special classes in the English language being held for foreigners. In addition—and this is a very significant addition—there was an extra course provided, distinct from the general programme, on the more pressing social-economic problems of to-day, with a daily morning lecture throughout the First Part, and, for those who desired more advanced and individual teaching, a study class in the afternoon under expert guidance.

The time-table was arranged to include five lectures each day. The human brain not being constructed to absorb with impunity such vast quantities of miscellaneous food, each student was expected to single out two sections for special study. My own choice fell on "Theology and Philosophy" and "Social Service," with special study class, a few history lectures in Part Two, and such isolated lectures as made any special appeal. Even so, I have not escaped a severe attack of mental indigestion, and, August being not yet over, must plead the continuance of its pangs as excuse for not dealing more adequately with the actual substance of the lectures, and the lessons learnt from them. I doubt not that the whole mental system has been built up and developed; indeed, any temporary discomfort should rather, perhaps, be attributed to "growing pains" than to the effects of over-indulgence.

This much, however, must be said, by way of summing up impressions. Of the theological and philosophical lectures, most of which were so ably arranged by the authorities of Manchester and Mansfield Colleges, there stand out in my memory the four given by Principal Mellone on "Bergson and Religion." These were admirably clear and enlightening, and left one in an attitude of expectation, convinced that the great French thinker has much more yet to give us, that there is no more anything final in his deliverance than in his scheme of creative evolution; and that we are to look forward to work of his in the future which shall unify and develop what we already have, sweeping away the errors inherent in all tentative effort, and revealing hitherto unforeseen and unforeseeable truths.

The Social Service lectures were given by a number of different experts, from Mr. Sidney Webb to the Rev. R. L. Phelps, who, it will be remembered, signed the Majority Report of the Poor Law Commission. Any individual treatment of this section would demand an article to itself. To give again a purely personal and general impression, the whole series seemed to me to focuss round two most remarkable lectures on "State Authority and Civil Obligation," by Mr. E. A. Menneer. They embodied a very striking and closely reasoned plea for the rehabilitation of private charity, and a truce to the war of extermination which is being

waged against it. They voiced every sentiment which modern "scientific" charity has taught us to abhor; they took us back to the fundamental New Testament conception of charity as personal love and service between man and man; they showed how grievously we of the modern world, with our zeal for social reform, our study of social problems, our stern condemnation of "amateurism in charity" as "nothing more than a moral sleeping draught," have fallen from that ideal. They demanded with a lofty scorn whether we were really to regard 1 Cor. xiii as "a close preserve of sociologists," and, if so, by what process religion was thus disinherited?

To these reactionary ideas there listened an audience of "experts" in charity whose first axiom was that indiscriminate charity was the root cause of modern pauperism, and that no man may give unless he is trained in the art. Whether one agreed with the speaker or not, one could not but feel that it was very wholesome hearing for them. And the present writer, at any rate, was conscious that one who was no "expert," but only loved her fellow-creatures, and was interested in every effort for their welfare, was no longer, as she had felt before, an outcast and a pariah among these busy social workers, but was brought once more into the scheme of things, and forgiven a great ignorance for the sake of a little love.

But to deal merely with the intellectual side of a Summer Meeting is a comparatively easy matter. Even had that been done adequately there would still have been left untouched that which is the very root and kernel of the University Extension movement. Half-way through the meeting we were told in never-to-be-forgotten words from one of its oldest and staunchest promoters that "the aim of University Extension is not merely to instruct, merely to add to the sum of knowledge, but through the enlargement of the mind to reach on to the enrichment of the character, to make all who come within its influence fuller and better and nobler men and women than they might have been without it," and that "the result to be hoped from such a gathering was that all its varied influences might not merely be written in terms of increased knowledge upon the intellect and the memory, but might be inscribed in letters of the spirit upon the heart and character of each one of them." As the meeting drew towards its close, one began to realise the truth of his words. The lectures—is it heresy to say so?—began to sink into the background. We were told at the very outset that there is nothing so well worth study in Oxford as Oxford itself. And Oxford held us with her charm, till we saw everything through the languorous haze of beauty and culture which she drops as a shimmering veil upon the eyelids of her worshippers.

Then there was the social intercourse. New friendships made larger and larger claims, played a larger and larger part in the moulding of Summer Meeting impressions. It was such a new and refreshing experience to find every barrier of class

and nationality broken down by the great leveller—Education. Conventional introductions did not find much place in our happy student life. A few chance words to one's neighbour at a lecture, a helping hand to a foreigner wrestling with the English tongue, and one found oneself, before the meeting was over, fast friends with a working man from Yorkshire, a doctor of philosophy from Austria, or a little English girl, hardly able to contain without bubbling over all the excitements and delights of her first Summer Meeting.

And then, the parties! Were there ever before—except at previous Summer Meetings—such garden parties, such river picnics, such musical evenings, when no one talked "small talk," there was no "duty" entertaining, but everyone was—what he so seldom dares to be in his own home—*himself*; when kindred spirits met continually, and a delicious gaiety pervaded all. It was the realisation of my childhood's precept, "Be merry and wise!" We were very merry—but we were very wise too—or thought we were. We talked philosophy and history and art; we opened and enriched our minds by contact with unfamiliar points of view. We were happy with the happiness that simple human fellowship in the deepest things of life alone can give. For it is impossible to separate the enrichment of the mind from that of the soul. It was not only on Sundays, as we listened to the various special preachers, that our thoughts took a more spiritual turn. When Canon Rashdall begged us, from the pulpit of St. Mary's, to reconstruct our theology in the light of modern knowledge, we felt that all the stores of intellectual riches we had been accumulating were going, in some subtle way, when we had time to "sort" and ponder over them, to build up a purer faith and a higher ideal. And we passed from the Summer Meeting, knowing that we bore within our hearts the pledge of ultimate victory over the forces of commercialism and greed; that, like Pheidippides, we should fight on "the Marathon day"; that our word of salute should still be "Rejoice!" though our own little life were quenched in the exultant shout, "Athens is saved, thank Pan!"

#### GERMAN NOTES.

THE DEATH OF DR. SCHIELE—A MEMORY OF BEBEL—PROFESSOR F. W. FÖRSTER AND THE UNIVERSITY OF MÜNCHEN.

THE liberal religious movement has again suffered a great loss. On August 12 the Rev. Friedrich Michael Schiele died at the age of 45 years. At the time of his death he was one of the ministers of the Dorotheenstädtischen Kirche in Berlin. In spite of years of ill health, he had unfailing courage and cheerfulness and great capacity of work. From July, 1903, until the end of 1909 he was the editor of the *Chronik der christlichen Welt*. His great gifts found fullest scope in the editing and publishing of the Religions-geschichtlichen Volksbücher. He was also chief editor of the dictionary of "Religion in History and the Present Time," which appeared in five volumes. He



was greatly appreciated and beloved by all who knew him, and intercourse with him was a privilege. In him liberal religion loses one of its ablest pioneers.

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In the *Protestantenblatt* of August 27 appears a very interesting article on August Bebel, by "Saxo," in which the following occurs:—"Bebel was to speak in a large town in North Germany; 10,000 people were filling the greatest hall of the place. There was terrible over-crowding, but exemplary order and quiet. Bebel, who was then in the prime of life, appeared on the platform; he was received like an emperor. No, that was *real* enthusiasm, not merely the acclamation with which the people receive a ruler. And when he spoke one could see that here was not merely a political speaker, but a man who had convictions. What he said wearied me somewhat; it was rather a dull speech, which was continued for two or three hours. One could not help asking oneself whether the hushed attention of the audience was due to Party discipline. There was discipline, but there was more: the conviction that here stood a man whom neither Gold nor Honours, nor dialectics, nor amiability could sever from the side of the people. In this lay his power."

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Friedrich Wilhelm Förster has been called to the University of München. A writer in the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte* of August says:—"Even those who differ in many respects from the well-known pedagogue must rejoice that such an unusual, distinguished, and rousing personality should be coming to a place where he can make himself felt in a very different way from what was possible in Zürich or even in Vienna. It has been well said that Förster does not fit into the narrow rubric of pedagogy. The man who wrote the 'Jugendlehre,' who gave us the 'Sexualethik und Sexualpädagogik,' is more than a pedagogue; he is an original thinker on moral questions, and any university may be proud to have him as one of its teachers. We know no European writer who teaches so convincingly what a real gentleman is, none whose writings are so permeated with that inward delicacy and courtesy of the heart which the most advanced spirits of our age take as the ideal of education." We may remind our readers that Förster's book on "Sexualethik" lately appeared in an English translation by Mr. Meyrick Booth under the title "Marriage and the Sex-Problem." It is a book, fearless, reverent, and constructive, which deserves to be read and deeply pondered by all who are concerned with the most living problems of moral and religious education.

### THE DISTRESS IN THE BALKANS.

MR. ARTHUR G. SYMONDS, secretary of the Balkan War Relief Fund, appeals through the press for the destitute and suffering victims of the recent war, Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks and Turks, whose claims are apt to be neglected while people indulge in fruitless recriminations over the "atrocities." Whether the horrible stories that reach us from time to time are true or

not, tens of thousands of refugees in many districts, "80 per cent. of them women and children, some herded in schoolrooms, stables and outbuildings, others with no shelter at all," are enduring great privations, and the relief agents sent out in connection with the fund send home the most heartrending reports of their condition. "Fever and disease are rife. Old men and women die in the stupor of exhaustion. Hungry children cry ceaselessly for food. Babies are born among them, and lie dying or dead on their mothers' dry breasts." "Shall we not cease to bandy useless taunts," says Mr. Symonds. These people "are suffering men and women innocent of the alleged crimes, some the victims of them. For the sake of humanity, in the name of Christianity, let us all help them." Contributions should be sent to the Balkan War Relief Fund, 41, Tothill-street, Westminster.

MR. CUTHBERT GRUNDY, with the concurrence of Mr. Jonkheer van Karnebeek, president of the committee in charge of the building of the Palace of Peace at the Hague, is arranging to present a commemorative medal to each of the 800 workmen who have been engaged in the construction of the palace.

## THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

### THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

The thoughtful student of social politics will look with interest on the proceedings of the Trades Union Congress at Manchester this week. The long series of labour disputes extending over several years, the growing dissatisfaction with the political and parliamentary side of the labour movement on the part of a highly vocal section of the organised workers, the Leicester and Chesterfield by-elections, all suggested a stormy Congress. The specific items in the programme of Congress, which have been put forward year after year without much alteration, need not concern us here. What is important is the general attitude of mind of the delegates; what is perhaps most interesting to the thoughtful bystander is the answer which the proceedings of such a congress supply to the question whether the enfranchised workers are proving themselves equal to the increasing burdens and responsibilities of democracy.

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Whatever the blunders of organised labour, and in recent years they have been many and grievous, the elements of which it is composed are among the most sane and responsible members of the community. Commonsense, the national British characteristic, is just as abundant at the Trades Union Congress as at any other assembly. For instance, notwithstanding the spasmodic outbreaks of violence of two summers ago and later, it may be said that Syndicalism in England has exhausted itself. It never made any headway in Germany, and even in France, where it started, it is a rapidly diminishing

quantity. At Manchester the Syndicalists, though occasionally giving vent to a shrill interruption, have had no support that counted for anything. "The common sense of most" was irretrievably against them. Another feature of English labour movements, which distinguishes them favourably from Continental, and which was observable at this Congress, is the freedom from the spirit of doctrinaire dogmatism. A resolution was passed *nem. con.* in favour of "the nationalisation of all railways in the interests of the whole community." Another was carried unanimously, which stated that "nationalisation of public services such as the Post Office is not necessarily advantageous to the employees and the working class, unless accompanied by increasing democratic control both by the employees and the representatives of the working classes in the House of Commons." The speaker who proposed this resolution said that the Society which he represented wished "to dissipate the idea that it was only necessary to nationalise a thing to get the Millennium." Herein the Congress shows its political instinct and its capacity for affairs.

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### THE DUBLIN LABOUR TROUBLES.

The labour disturbances at Dublin, possibly due to the fact that two unpromising personalities are opposed in the persons of Mr. Murphy and Mr. Larkin, while regrettable from the point of view of those who deplore violence—and what sensible person does not?—on the other hand have "some soul of goodness" in them. They show the rise of something which more than anything else is needed in Ireland—independent thinking and action outside the rigid, sterile party and sectarian leaderships. The rise of a strong labour movement in Ireland, and such already exists in germ at Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, would have a wholesome effect in dissipating the old party divisions which in the form in which for the most part they exist in Ireland are out of place in the modern world. But breaking of heads, whether by the police or by Mr. Larkin's followers, is a poor remedy for settling any sort of dispute. In any case it is time that that monstrous relic of a barbarous and tyrannous age, the Irish police system, should be swept away and replaced by a civil force, who should be the servants of the whole community, and not the tyrannous bullies of privileged minorities.

## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

**Special Notice to Correspondents.**—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

**Birmingham: Small Heath.**—A very pleasant and successful garden party was held last Saturday, August 30, by kind permission of the Right Hon. William and Mrs. Kenrick, in their beautiful grounds at The Grove, Harborne. One hundred and twenty-two members were present, an admission fee of 1s. being charged to cover expenses and allow for a small profit.



**Hastings: Presentation.**—At a social gathering of the congregation of the Free Christian Church on August 31, the Rev. S. Burrows, who has been the minister for six years, and has now resigned, was presented with a handsome illuminated address, and Mrs. Burrows with a travelling case. The presentations were made by the present minister (the Rev. Edgar Lockett), and warm testimony to the esteem in which Mr. Burrows is held and to his faithful work was borne by Mr. Matthews (hon. secretary *pro tem.*) and Mr. H. G. Proctor (hon. treasurer). Mr. Burrows suitably acknowledged the gifts, speaking of his happy relations with the congregation and expressing his best wishes for his successor. The address contained the following passage:—“For the past six years you have been our pastor, and under you the church and congregation have flourished in a very gratifying way. You have taken the greatest possible interest in everything connected with the church, and your enthusiasm and energy have been infectious among the congregation, so that everyone has worked heartily for the good of the cause. Not only have you given your time ungrudgingly and in the fullest measure to the welfare of the church, but you have assisted it financially in numberless ways, which only those brought into very intimate contact with you are aware of. In Mrs. Burrows you have a helpmeet who has ably seconded your efforts, and we feel that your places in the church will be hard to fill. Although you will no longer be our pastor, we hope you will continue to remain amongst us for many years as a member of our church, and give us the benefit of your help and advice, as you have done so often in the past.”

**Ipswich.**—On Wednesday, August 27, two open-air entertainments were given by members of the Unitarian Chapel in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, tea being served on the lawn between the performances. The proceeds have been given to the Sunday school, which has been growing rapidly during the present year, and for which, consequently, additional furniture was required. The Archibald system of teaching has been adopted in the primary department, under the able superintendence of Miss Muriel Robinson. A lawn tennis club, founded in connection with the chapel, has proved a great success. In October the Literary and Social Guild will resume its meetings.

**Leeds: Hunslet.**—The Rev. H. R. Tavener brought his ministry at Hunslet to a close on Sunday evening, August 31, when he preached to a large congregation. On the previous Thursday he was presented with a chair and a number of books, and cordial good wishes were expressed for his success in his new sphere of work, Willard-street Domestic Mission, Manchester.

**Trowbridge: Conigre Chapel.**—Mr. Frank Bullock, of Atworth, has accepted an invitation from the Conigre Church and congregation to take the ministerial work in connection with the pulpit for the next six months. On Saturday, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, about 70 members of the church spent an enjoyable time at the Rookery Gardens, Atworth, Mr. Bullock's home, a visit being paid after tea to Neston, by kind permission of Mr. G. P. Fuller.

**Wellington, New Zealand.**—The *Calendar* of the Unitarian Free Church for August contained the following announcement:—“Mr. Jessie has received a pressing invitation to visit the Timaru Church before leaving New Zealand, and has accordingly arranged with Miss Richmond and Mr. D. E. Beaglehole for the services on August 10. August 31 will be his last Sunday in Wellington. The following fortnight Mr. and Mrs. Jessie will spend in Auckland, and on September 18 they are booked to sail by the s.s. *Rotorua* from Wellington.”

## NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

### PRIMARY EDUCATION IN BARODA.

Primary education is making very great progress in Baroda, and we learn from an Indian contemporary that arrangements have now been made for providing schools for 18 lakhs out of a total population of 20 lakhs in this enlightened State. The principle followed is that wherever fifteen children can be got together a school is established, and arrangements are now being made to start 156 new schools, in addition to 3,130 already in existence. The number of villages in the State is 3,095, and of these 2,119 contain one or more primary schools. It is interesting to learn that 36 towns with more than 4,000 people in each can boast of a public library. A new experiment is also being tried in the form of travelling libraries. Under this plan packages containing about thirty volumes are deposited in a village for a period of three months at a time, and during this period the books are available for residents in the villages who may wish to increase their stock of knowledge.

### ESPERANTISTS AT BERNE.

Esperanto has not yet become the commonly accepted medium of communication between people of different nationalities, as those who have attended international congresses are well aware, but it is making considerable progress, and no less than 1,100 delegates attended the congress held in Berne last week. This is the second visit which Esperantists in a body have paid to Switzerland, and it is fitting that, actuated as they are by the desire to promote goodwill and brotherhood among the nations, they should hold their ninth gathering in a town which has done so much to help on the movement for universal peace. The next congress is to take place in Paris, and that of 1915 in Edinburgh. In both places the local Esperantists have already raised a guarantee fund of £600 towards the expenses.

### JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

The story of Jewish colonisation in Palestine, which formed one of the topics of discussion at the Zionist Congress, is an interesting one. The first attempt from without to replant Jews upon the land of their fathers was made at the close of the sixteenth century, when Joseph Nasi, Duke of Naxos, as we are reminded by a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, rebuilt Tiberias to be a city for Jews alone. But the real beginning of the return to Palestine dates from 1860, and it was a definitely religious-nationalist movement, originating in the minds of some orthodox rabbis who conceived the idea of settling Russian and Roumanian Jews in Palestine. “The turning point in Jewish colonisation was the pogroms of 1880 and 1881. The Russian Jews, driven in upon themselves by this tragic shattering of the dream of emancipation, turned to themselves and the land of their fathers for emancipation. . . . Rishon le Zion (the Beginning of Zion) was founded near Jaffa by Russian

Jews in 1882, and now has nearly a thousand Jewish settlers. In the same year ninety Russian students formed the Bilu Society—Bilu is formed of the initial letters of the phrase ‘O house of Jacob, come let us go up’—and went to Palestine.”

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“THERE are few more heroic episodes,” continues the writer, “than the enterprise of these academic, town-bred youths, without money or knowledge, and compelled to live as hard and as meanly as the Arab labourer in order to earn bread and learn the art of agriculture. In the succeeding years through the early nineties many colonies were founded, and by 1896 they numbered some twenty-five. There are now forty-one colonies in Palestine and between 9,000 and 10,000 colonists, one-tenth of the whole Jewish population of Palestine, and nearly all of them immigrants from Europe. They are “governed on democratic lines, and reasonably free from objectionable interference by the Turkish authorities. Every colony has its school, and there has been a notable revival of Hebrew as a spoken language.” There are numerous Hebrew papers, including one daily, several secondary schools, an agricultural experimental station at Atlit, a school of arts and crafts in Jerusalem which has already made its mark, and the foundations have been laid at Haifa of a technical high school.

### RELICS OF ANCIENT PERU.

Dr. H. O. Forbes, the ornithologist, who has recently returned from Peru, has not only spent his time in observing the ways of birds, but has obtained some valuable relics of ancient Peru from the cemeteries of its ruined cities. These are believed to be of a pre-Inca race, and to date back at least 2,000 years. There is something singularly impressive, says Dr. Forbes, whose treasures were described lately in the *Times*, in the spectacle presented by the ruins, the more so when one reflects that the dust which is blown through the empty streets is that of the builders of these crumbling cities. He has brought home several masks of gold, silver, copper or wood found with the mummies, and an interesting relic is a bag belonging to a potter and buried with him at his death, containing the little moulds by means of which he impressed grotesque human faces and other figures upon his vessels of clay.

\* \* \*

THE Peruvians mummified their dead very much after the fashion of the Egyptians. They swathed them in many wrappings, but did not embalm them. The extreme dryness of the climate and the presence of nitrates in the soil have had the effect of keeping the bodies in a remarkable state of preservation. It was customary to bury all their most intimate personal belongings with the dead, and hence the beautiful examples of woven garments of brilliant colours and wonderfully fine texture which have been discovered. Some of the fabrics employed resemble the cloth of to-day, and have handsome fringes and curious ornamentation of various designs, while others are almost of a gossamer texture like the shawls which are used as head-wraps by English women of to-day.



## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED

By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, F.C.A.

SEPT. 6, 1913.

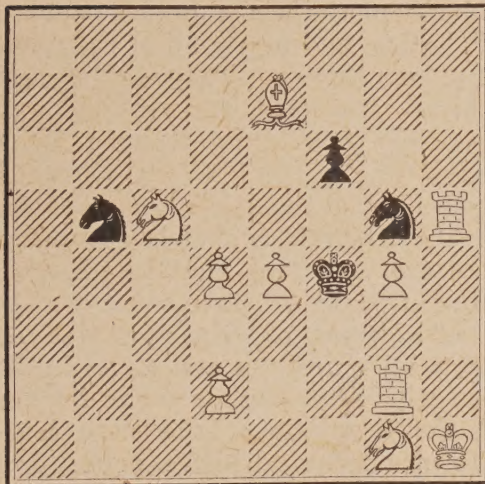
All communications for this department must be addressed to the office of THE INQUIRER, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C., marked "Chess." Criticisms and solutions will be acknowledged, and should be received the Saturday following publication.

## PROBLEM No. 22.

By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.  
(Thematic Prize).

From Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

BLACK. (4 men.)



WHITE. (10 men.)

White to play and mate in two moves.

## SOLUTION No. 20.

1. B. B8 (key-move).

Correctly solved by H. L., E. Wright, W. T. M., Arthur Perry, E. C., W. Hudson, W. E. Arkell, A. Mielziner, A. H. Ireland, W. Clark, C. G. Higginson, M. D., Thos. Bulman (No. 19), R. E. Shawcross (No. 18), the Rev. I. Wrigley.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T. M.—I am writing you by post, having found the missing diagram.

A. MIELZINER.—Thanks for your charming three-mover, which I will use with pleasure.

No. 20 is full of traps. The key given above is the only correct one. These "false-waiters" are difficult to compose, since everything must appear to be in readiness for mating before White makes his first move.

Amongst Black's moves is 1... Kt. Q2, to which the reply is 2. R x Kt mate. But as the onus of attack—or at all events movement—is on White, he is forced to play 1. B. B8, paralysing the R at Q8, but allowing sufficient room for the Q to make the mating move. Such waste moves as 1. R. K8 upset some part of the machinery, and defeat the object in view. The rationale of these ingenious problems is better grasped by imagining an extraneous Kt, for instance, on QKt2. Then its four moves are all solutions, since it is only "marking time," as it were. Note the ingenious placing of the White K, whose presence stops 1. R. K8 and QB moves away towards QR sq. The King himself is, however, cleverly "stalemated." No. 22 is another example. A prize was offered for such themes, and I was fortunate enough to secure it. As is usual in this class of problem, there are several hair's-breadth "tries." Out of the tens of thousands of two-movers extant, this class can be numbered by hundreds only. I doubt if there are more than 200 in existence. I have composed about 15.

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